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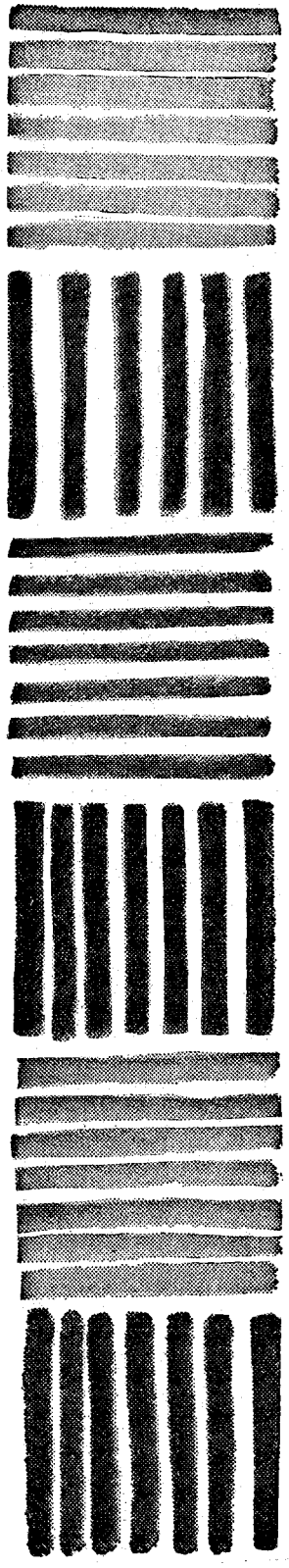

Has Congress A Future?

Walter Dean Burnham

FREEDOM NOW— BUT WHAT THEN?

Loren Miller

Truth in Packaging

Senator Philip A. Hart

Toward African Unity

William Bross Lloyd, Jr.

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LETTERS

Problem of corruption

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Any reader of Fred Cook's article, "The Corrupt Society," (issue of June 1-8) cannot but pause for self-examination. One point, however, deserves amplification. This involves the finance companies and Billie Sol Estes. Finance companies have no lovable public image, to be sure. But had these companies immediately sought prosecution of Estes, they would have made impossible any repayment of their multi-million-dollar losses. . . . They were trying to recover property losses in sums so vast that they conceivably could close the doors of smaller operators among the companies. On the other hand, they must have considered the possibility that Mr. Estes could not have repaid the huge sums owing except by defrauding others. Their dilemma, therefore, seems greater than in other instances mentioned in the article.

Philip D. Levin

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Fred J. Cook's article convinces us of our country's decline and perhaps of our own. . . . R. S. Lynd was not the first to point out a vacuum in our social order. Neither, eighteen years earlier, were Wesley C. Mitchell, Charles Merriam, William F. Ogburn and three other top economists of that time, who warned: "It would be highly negligent to gloss over the stark and bitter realities of the social situation, and to ignore the imminent perils of further advance of our heavy technical machinery over crumbling roads and shaking bridges."

Francis Y. Goodell

Exeter, N. H.

Dear Sirs: In publishing "Abundance" (May 11) and "The Corrupt Society," *The Nation* establishes itself as the one indispensable publication in the United States. But I can't see how you can continue to give us such radical thinking without espousing some form of collectivism. . . .

A. B. Parson

[*See page 556 for special offer on bulk copies of "The Corrupt Society."*]

Deadly game

New York City

Dear Sirs: Orchids to Hilbert Schenck, Jr., for recognizing "Computing 'ad absurdum'" (June 15) — and, more important, computing irresponsibly. He is perfectly right about the precariousness of mathematical models, but it could be argued that if such models were constructed by a good mathematician who, with scientific accuracy, made only very few assumptions which he defined carefully, mathematical models would serve well. And they do. . . .

The all-important issue we must consider is the propriety of using mathematical formulas and computing machines in the attempt to find solutions for problems involving human values and that must be answered by the human conscience. If we let a computing machine answer the question whether we can win a nuclear war, for example, we may, even with the most carefully and conservatively used assumptions, find nation X declared the "winner" because its losses were 100 million dead and 70 per cent economic destruction, whereas nation Y, the "loser," has 120 million dead and 85 per cent of its economy destroyed. All common sense and human decency must be outraged by the thought of calling such mass slaughter "victory." . . . In their wildest nightmares, the Titans of antiquity could not have played more fantastic games with the forces of heaven, than the "war games" that are daily practiced in computing-machine installations.

Alice Mary Hilton

[*Alice Mary Hilton is the author of* Logic, Computing Machines and Automation, *published by Spartan Books.*]

No glass box

New York City

Dear Sirs: What an absolutely marvelous article on the glass boxes of the city ["Architecture," by Walter McQuade, May 25]. I do hope that your architect readers will just look once or twice more at the Seagram building, and see that beauty and function and greatness are still possible.

Paul Magriel

Hobson's choice

Concord, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on your editorial in your May 11 issue in which you facetiously say, "We Support Goldwater." You indicate we would have a real choice in voting between Kennedy and Goldwater, more or less implying we would have a choice between a liberal and a conservative. I don't think it offers a very wide range of choice. . . . The policies of hate for the have-not nations, money and help for the right-wing dictators, defense waste and extravagance have been the same through the Truman - Eisenhower - Nixon-Kennedy era. There is no substantial difference between Democrats and Republican politicians.

Perhaps the solution is to vote Kennedy out of office no matter who runs against him and then vote his successor out in four years also. Perhaps then the politicians would get the idea that they are not on the right track and we would get a good candidate.

Charles Bloomer, Jr.

THE NATION

Saturday, June 29, 1963
Volume 196, No. 25

In this issue

EDITORIALS

537

ARTICLES

539 Freedom Now — But What Then?
Loren Miller

542 Truth in Packaging
Senator Philip A. Hart

544 Toward African Unity
William Bross Lloyd, Jr.

545 Has Congress a Future?
Walter Dean Burnham

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

549 Exercises in Extremity
Robert Kiely

549 Lines for a Young Man Who Talked (poem)
John Logan

550 Poetry's Larger Views
Daniel Hughes

552 What Remains French in France
William G. Andrews

553 Letter from England
Julius Novick

554 Current Titles of Interest to *Nation* Readers

555 About Money (poem)
David Ignatow

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 556)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
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A Strategy of Peace

Words do not a policy make nor, in politics, do good principles always, or even usually, result in good actions. And President Kennedy has disappointed *The Nation* many times in his two and a half years in office. At the risk of another disappointment, however, it must be said that he made exactly the right speech at the American University in Washington on June 10. It was a sober, level-headed, incisive address. Most of the papers paid it less attention than its due, except for *The New York Times*, which printed the speech in its entirety. It was space well expended.

There was none of the usual political sales talk this time, nothing about winning the cold war, bringing the Soviets to heel, fighting for the survival of freedom (no one has ever threatened our freedom as much as we have threatened it ourselves) and similar tripe. Instead, the President spoke of the new face of war, and of peace as "the necessary rational end of rational men." Then, in place of the suffocating self-righteousness which has characterized most high-level pronouncements on both sides, Mr. Kennedy said that indeed world law, or world disarmament, would be impossible until the Soviet leaders adopt a more enlightened attitude, but then he added something little short of amazing in the context of what we have been hearing for fifteen years past. *We* can *help* the Soviet leaders toward greater enlightenment, he suggested. This was followed by an implication bordering on the subversive — that we need to be more enlightened ourselves. "I . . . believe," said Mr. Kennedy, "that we must re-examine our own attitudes — as individuals and as a nation — *for our attitude is as essential as theirs.*" (Italics added.) In short, the Russians are human as we are human, and if we expect them to examine themselves, we must simultaneously examine ourselves. Conscience is not a one-way street.

As a beginning in the realm of action, the President announced that we would not resume testing in the atmosphere if the Soviets did not. This may be a tactic; there is some reason to believe that the Soviets wish to resume testing super-megaton bombs as a riposte for our counterforce schemes. But if it is a tactic, at least it is a legitimate tactic, and it may dissuade the Soviets from following through on such plans, if they have them. It will certainly not strengthen the militarists in the Soviet Union, any more than it will please the war hawks in the United States.

If Mr. Kennedy continues along this policy line, he may be surprised by the extent and intensity of the support he will get. Henry J. Taylor, for instance, is not one of our most liberal columnists, and he does not scare easily. Yet, he begins a recent article with the statement that the U.S. nuclear stockpiling program "has gone completely off its rocker." He proves it, too. If Mr. Kennedy continues to be rational, a great many rational persons, not without influence, will support him on both sides of the so-called iron curtain.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

After July 13, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only: July 27, Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

The Explosive Nucleus

Anyone who has read the last two special issues of *The Nation* (Fred J. Cook: "The Corrupt Society," June 1-8, and Robert Theobald: "Abundance, Threat or Promise?", May 11) can hardly avoid the conclusion that the United States stands in sore need of a revolution. A peaceful revolution, it goes without saying; the time is long past when the oppressed could tear up the paving stones and redress their grievances. But minor correctives will no longer suffice, even now, and by 1970 they will be minuscule. A sense of this is abroad in the land. Loren Miller foreshadows it in this issue of *The Nation*, and the farsighted Walter Lippmann asks: "Is the rising discontent which is showing itself among the 20 million Negroes going to change in important ways the shape and pace of American politics?" By way of answer, he cites great popular movements of the past which were touched off by an "explosive nucleus of popular anger and trouble" that primarily affected a distressed minority, but spread far and wide before running out of steam.

One would think that such a critical situation would be apparent to politicians of every stripe—politicians, after all, are supposed to be specialists in such matters. In his address to the nation on June 11, President Kennedy spoke in this tone. But what of the Republicans? A few of them evidently realize the seriousness of the situation and its far-reaching implications; when they come out of shock they may even welcome the revolutionary reforms that are clearly imperative. But the performance of the party as a whole has been little short of disgraceful, and of its Right wing, politically depraved as well.

When Senate Republicans refused to support a curb on the filibuster early in the current session, they were in effect telling the Negro that civil rights were no urgent concern of the party. The Negro had waited this long; he could wait a while longer. When the rise of Negro anger and militancy assumed omi-

JUN 20 '63

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nous proportions, Senators Javits, Cooper, Case and a few others tried to commit the party to deal with Negro demands for equality in housing, jobs, voting, education and shopping, at least. They ran up against a stone wall of indifference, callousness and parochialism. Republican Senators from those sections of the Midwest where the Negro vote is negligible were automatically opposed to any forthright stand on these issues. The same phenomenon may be observed in Representatives from wealthy suburbs in the North. Since there are few Negroes among their constituents, why bother? Besides, what could be better for Republican prospects than a deeply split South?

This sort of politicking was carried to its egregious extremes by Senator Goldwater of Arizona. He tripped up Javits, et al., at the recent caucus of Senate Republicans. The final draft which issued from the conference was neatly emasculated by Senator Dirksen, but there was still too much virility left for Senator Goldwater. He expressed himself in safe, mealy-mouthed terms. The crisis was "extremely serious," yes, and he would not necessarily vote against any bill that might be submitted. But he had not yet seen any legislation that he would feel obliged to support. In fact, he saw no need for civil-rights legislation at this time. The answer, as he saw it, was in "moral persuasion" and "voluntary progress."

Moral persuasion? Voluntary progress? With whom — Bull Connor? *The Nation* wryly suggested recently that Senator Goldwater would be a fit Republican candidate for the Presidency. Unless the party of Abraham Lincoln can do better than it has been doing lately in civil rights, it deserves Goldwater, and it may get what it deserves.

Same Old Diem

There are, one supposes, more painful ways of committing suicide than by setting one's clothes afire, but they are hard to imagine. That a South Vietnamese Buddhist priest, protesting governmental oppression, should have chosen this method bespeaks a most un-Western temperament, true, but also the greatness of the provocation. Weeks before the suicide, a French Catholic journal, *Information catholiques internationale*, denounced Ngo Dinh Diem for the ruthless manner in which the Vietnamese dictator has been exploiting his Catholicism for political ends. In a country predominantly Buddhist, Diem orders his Army to help stage endless Catholic religious processions, while — according to *Information* — "Buddhist ceremonies are more or less sabotaged." The processions hold up traffic for hours, "as if the streets were the property of the Church," notes *Information*, and adds: "Why should Catholic church bells wake up the predominantly non-Catholic population at five A.M.?" Non-Catholic dignitaries are expected to contribute to Catholic causes on pain of losing their jobs; non-Catholic government workers form captive audiences at classes run by Diem's brother, Mgr. Thuc, Archbishop of Hué; because of an imagined slight offered the Archbishop by the head of the Buddhists, Thick Tinh Thiet, Buddhists were forbidden to display religious flags or emblems at the annual celebration of Buddha's birthday.

Information's article appeared March 15; since then, growing Buddhist restiveness under Diem's discriminatory measures has resulted in demonstrations, riots and increasingly savage assaults on the Buddhists by the government. There is nothing really new in this example of Diem's religious intolerance; the Hao Hao and Cao Dai sects have suffered even more under him than the Buddhists. What is new is the United States reaction. Almost for the first time in the long history of Diem's clashes with his own people, Washington is not giving him any support. The order to keep "hands off" has gone out to American military and civil personnel in South Vietnam, and reports are that Washington may publicly denounce Diem's anti-Buddhist policy if he persists in it.

Diem hasn't changed; but maybe Washington is changing — however slowly and reluctantly.

Embarrassed Establishment

The Profumo-Keeler affair has rocked the British. It is the kind of public scandal they imagine can happen only to the French. If a middle-aged Minister in Paris had ruined his career over a young girl, the British would merely grin complacently, reassured in all their insular prejudices. But John Dennis Profumo was not only their own War Minister; he also had the kind of impeccable upper-class record (Fifth Baron of the late United Kingdom of Italy; Harrow, Brasenose College, Oxford; a favorite of the Queen Mother) that is still regarded as an automatic qualification for leadership in London. His fall shakes this system of unnatural selection, as well as the government.

Britain — like the United States — demands that public figures keep their scandals private. Profumo tried to play the game by lying in the Commons, but he had not covered his tracks. To lie like a gentleman is one thing; to lie stupidly is something else again. The British newspapers, less cowed than usual by the strict libel laws, dropped hints about him as close to the truth as possible until he made his confession: perhaps their own rough handling in the Vassall case made them extra keen to get back at the Establishment. For undoubtedly Britain's Establishment has suffered as well as Profumo. The London *Times*, the Establishment's newspaper, described the case as "a great tragedy" for the probity of British public life.

What *The Times* presumably meant was that the Profumo case may make the public suspicious. The same thing happened when another figure beyond criticism — the British policeman — was suddenly involved in scandals that could not be hushed up. The public became more realistic, more demanding. If the Profumo case has the same effect, the public may no longer be willing to accept a "well bred" background and the right schooling as an automatic quali-

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fication for high office. A depressing aspect of the partial break-up of the British class system after the Second World War was that the values remained the same; a few more people were simply allowed to qualify for leadership. But the Profumo case questions these values. He was obviously no more fitted for leadership than thousands without his qualifications.

Perhaps the case has taken the British a little nearer to judging a man for what he is rather than what he seems to be. We say "perhaps" because a great attempt is being made to obscure the whole affair in a cold-war smoke screen. The fact that Miss Keeler also knew a Soviet Embassy official obviously needs investigating, but it is a minor matter compared to the morality of British public life. Unfortunately, the Labour Party seems to think this security risk a better angle from which to attack the Tories. If so, this can only mean that many of the younger Labour leaders have accepted the dominant values because they, too, have acquired the same kind of qualifications as Profumo. The end of the affair is yet to come, but it has already been epitomized fairly well by Jack Andrews, a London truck driver interviewed by *The Wall Street Journal*. "Macmillan and the rest of the Tories should start raising daffodils," said Mr. Andrews, "and let somebody else run the government." But the fellow probably votes Labour anyway.

Highways to Profit

Rapid transit by rail, the only common-sense solution to the traffic paralysis attacking our streets and highways, got a big boost from San Franciscans last April when they approved a $792 million bond issue for a seventy-five-mile rail-construction project. Other cities are moving in the same direction. The transit agency in Washington, D.C., has recommended that rail transit be substituted for a projected highway-expansion program. Approved by the Senate, and now before the House, is a $500 million bill to aid urban mass transit (see "Rapid Transit: the Neglected Highway," by Senator Harrison A Williams, *The Nation*, May 4). These preparatory steps have already served a useful purpose by smoking out the opposition. For years Congress has been told by sundry patriotic lobbyists that any action tending to restrict highway construction endangered the national security. Tanks need highways, they said; guns need highways; the GI needs highways. But now, with the San Francisco development and the threat of a federal rapid-transit bill hanging over them, the lobbyists are coming to the point. The executive vice president of the American Road Builders Association recently warned of the harm which "talk of a revival of rapid transit" would do to the highway program. At a convention of road builders in Chicago, Commerce Secretary Hodges was urged to title his address: "Trends Threatening Highway Development in America through Curtailed Motor-Vehicle Use." An office of the Automobile Manufacturers Association declared that the real danger for cities was not too much traffic, but too little — and the decline in property values if highway needs are neglected.

The point at issue would seem to be not national security, but the profits security of the road-construction and auto industries.

Freedom Now — But What Then?

. Loren Miller

Within the foreseeable future, eighteen million Negroes will burst the bonds of almost two centuries of isolation and surge into the mainstream of American life. Talents and energies now siphoned off into an all-consuming struggle against racial restrictions will be freed for application to man's fundamental problems. Moreover, the coming of that good day will end the enormous expenditures of human and economic resources long frittered away in the futile effort to preserve the segregation system. They, too, will become available for useful social purposes. However, it would be a mistake to assume that these profound changes will automatically usher in a society that will make full and effective use of these new potentials for social progress. We know better. Once before, almost a hundred years ago, a similar promise lighted up the American scene and was snuffed out after a decade of uncertain flickering.

In retrospect, it is apparent that one of the contributing factors to the failure of Reconstruction to sustain a hastily improvised political democracy in the South was lack of foresight and absence of planning for what lay beyond Emancipation. There were no guide lines for those who undertook the task of constructing a new social order to replace the old, which was swept away when two and a half million former slaves and a half-million disadvantaged free Negroes were incorporated into the American body politic. Everybody hoped for the best; nobody planned for it.

Abolitionists had glued their eyes on the destruction of slavery as an end in itself and, immersed as they were in the doctrine of the natural rights of man, they pitched their hopes for the best on a vague belief that individual merit would triumph in a society of free and freed men. Slaveholders had caught no vision because they could not admit the possibility that their peculiar institution could ever pass away; confronted with the reality, they were more than content to replace the old stratified order with another. Bedazzled by the glitter of white supremacy, poor whites were blind to the opportunity to

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Loren Miller, Los Angeles civil-rights attorney, is a vice president of the NAACP and publisher of the California Eagle, *one of the country's oldest Negro newspapers. His article, "Farewell to Liberals"* (The Nation, *Oct. 20, 1962), aroused widespread interest.*

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make common cause with Negroes for an assault on common problems.

The Republican Party stumbled into civil war with no design for Emancipation and consequently no blueprint for the problems inherent in victory. In an effort to supply Republican deficiency, Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens prodded their party into enactment of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, but it fell under corporate leadership which quickly swapped the shaky democracy that had been created for the privilege of pursuing its own selfish ends. [See Walter Burnham's article, p. 545.] A new social order based on total exclusion of the Negro from political affairs, and his pursuant isolation, grew Topsy-like out of confusion. The history of race relations since that time has been the story of efforts to conserve and implement the Negro's isolation by the myriad devices of the segregation system and the complementary struggle of the Negro to batter down the walls of his Jim Crow prison.

The walls are tumbling down now and it is disturbing to find that we are ill prepared for the new Reconstruction that must be undertaken when—no longer if—the segregation system topples and the nation again faces the task of incorporating Negroes, eighteen millions of them this time, into an American body politic in all ways infinitely more complicated than that of 1865. It may seem to the outsider that the segregation system is a peculiarly Southern institution. Negroes know better. Its overt Northern manifestations are seen in the massive ghettos of Northern urban complexes and in the segregated public facilities they spawn. But there is more to segregation than that. Its spirit is all-pervasive and where it does not separate, it isolates to breed frustration, hopelessness, despair and hostility. Today's unpreparedness, akin to that of a hundred years ago, stems from the fact that intensive preoccupation with immediate and galling racial problems has minimized, almost precluded, consideration of what lies beyond victory. Attainment of civil rights, like Emancipation, has become almost an end in itself.

Like their Abolitionist forebears, civil-rights proponents, traditionally led by the NAACP which now shares leadership with Martin Luther King, CORE and the student movements, have been single-minded in outlook: Destruction of the Jim Crow system is their one aim. Segregationist heirs of the slaveholders cannot, or will not, admit that their order is done for; they content themselves with yelling "never" at the top of their voices. Liberals gave their hearts to gradualism a decade ago and implicitly decided then that their notion of the future was the incorporation of the Negro in an evolving society on a pragmatic, step-by-step basis. The Democratic Party which, by a strange and ironic reversal of roles, has fumbled its way into whatever there is of party leadership of the liberation movement, cannot blueprint an integrated commonwealth because its composition compels it to deny that it envisages such a development. Lying at the back of everybody's mind has been the tacit assumption that there was plenty of time to plan for the future. Nobody had foreseen the explosion of the past few years.

Birmingham brought the revolution to sudden climax. Why, nobody knows. Maybe it was the dogs, maybe singing school children trooping into Bull Connor's paddy wagons, or maybe the completely symbolic picture of the white cop with his foot on a Negro woman's neck. Anyhow, in the expressive Negro idiom, we have run fresh out of time. The future is upon us. And with victory in sight and inevitable, we are confronted with the searching question of where we go from here. In essence, the inquiry is whether civil-rights victory is an end in itself or only a beginning, a means to an end. At the moment, Negroes, whose answer is all-important and perhaps decisive, seem to regard it as an end. The slogans under which they march are limited in scope. The Freedom Now concept contemplates putting the submerged Southern Negro or the trapped Northern ghetto-dweller on a parity with his culturally deprived and disadvantaged white prototype. Fair housing and fair employment laws are designed to give the Negro equal access to existent supplies of housing and jobs, but fall short of coming to grips with the fact that vast reforms are necessary to provide an adequate supply of housing, and to stay the ravages of automation in those very categories in which Negroes must seek employment. The examples could be extended. This appraisal does not disparage Negro demands; they are valid and necessary tactical weapons in the struggle for equality. But as Whitney Young, National Urban League director, points out: "There are forces at work such as automation, urbanization and a host of others that, on the surface, are indifferent to race, which unless identified and remedial steps taken will find the masses of Negroes five years from today with a mouthful of rights living in hovels with empty stomachs."

White Americans also tend to regard attainment of civil rights as an end in itself when they talk about denials of such rights as being harmful to our international image, or by what they say about equalitarian housing and employment legislation, or even when they argue, as President Kennedy did recently, that Negroes should be secure in their constitutional privileges because it is morally right that they should enjoy them. Again, these views are valid as far as they go, but they neglect the fact that when the prisoner is freed, the jailer is given his liberty. Both may put their newly found freedom to good use by tackling the problem that made one of them prisoner and the other jailer in the first place. A quick glance will demonstrate how the denial of civil rights has affected, and still affects, the national welfare.

There are no ifs in history and we can never know who would have been elected to the Presidency, to state legislatures or to Congress in the past three-quarters of a century *if* the Negro had not been deprived of the ballot. We do know that isolation of Negroes bred the one-party system of the South and that, in turn, it isolated that section from the rest of the nation to the detriment of poor whites. Coincidentally, the one-party system aggrandized Southern Congressional power and gave Southerners their present life-and-death control over federal legislation. President Kennedy has complained that he is immobilized by Southern control of the House Rules Com-

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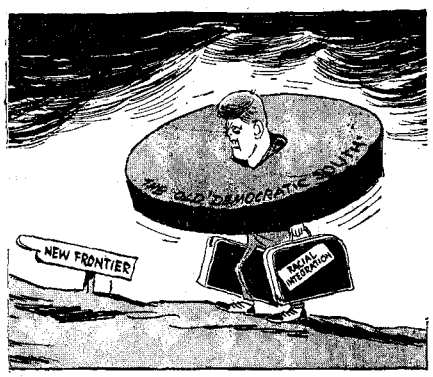
mittee. Critical urban problems, federal aid to education, and housing issues, to pick a few examples, go unattended by Congress because their resolution will not fit a formula acceptable to the white South. We also know that labor organizations, agrarian-reform movements, trade and professional organizations, even service clubs, and the whole vast array of voluntary groups which play such a vital role in public affairs, have had to tailor their programs to suit the irrational demands of the segregation system.

The nub of the matter is that the existence of an unassimilated, and by definition unassimilable, racial group has had, and still has, telling consequences for the nation. Americans have lived with this fragmentation so long, and it seems so natural to them, that they assume its permanence and reckon that if they extend full civil rights to the Negro component, and stop right there, they will have settled the issue. On this reckoning rests the widely held assumption that civil rights is an end in itself.

Of course, attainment of civil rights and the wiping out of all racial disabilities would produce immense satisfaction among Negroes and, by the same token, would exert a considerable influence on national life. The Negro bloc would at once become a powerful pressure group, demanding and getting concessions on all sides. Negroes would attend better schools. The Negro relief recipient would get his fair share of the dole. The Negro market for gray flannel suits would be enhanced. Jobs would be shared and in time the Negro unemployment rate would be lowered to that of the national average. An elite would be created within the Negro pressure group to seek its own ends, sometimes at the expense of other Negroes. Something of that kind has already happened in the comparatively free Northern cities, with not a few middle-class Negroes staking out vested interests in the ghettos and retiring from the civil-rights fight with the feeling that all is well. In any event, the Negro racial bloc is going to persist for a long time to come and will inevitably function as a pressure center. The temptation to preserve and enhance that function will be great, with the conservatives of the middle class pulling in that direction; they are experts in the art of pressure and can be expected to hold fast to a familiar tactic. The gaping wounds of racial conflict can be healed within that context and Negroes have been forced to think in terms of race so long that it will be hard for them to lift their sights.

If, however, civil-rights victory is regarded as only a beginning and a means, and the end envisaged is that of reforms that will cure the social, economic and political malfunctioning in our society that results in poverty, old-age insecurity, disemployment, lack of



Ben Roth Agency

educational opportunity and other social plagues, the long-term yield to Negroes will be enlarged—provided, of course, that those ends can be attained. Freedom Now will be a more desirable prize if the model's freedom approaches completeness. Fair housing and fair-employment laws will become more meaningful if housing is in complete supply and within common economic reach, and if there is job security for all. In short, the enrichment of American life promises added rewards to all who are permitted to share in it. The Negro's quest for civil rights has always been two-pronged: The human desire to be treated as a man and the economic drive to get his fair share of what the nation has had to offer.

There is a ferment at work within the Negro community, North as well as South, which pretty well precludes the possibility that Negroes will stop short with civil-rights victory. The new militants who are emergent in terms of leadership are in revolt against the old in the Negro community as well as the old in white society. They are equalitarian in outlook and philosophy and where they now, correctly, see race as the prime inhibiting factor, they will learn soon enough that their civil-rights victory will not be complete without lowering of other barriers that produce inequities and inequalities. And as in the case of Alexander, the young always yearn for new worlds to conquer.

Perception on the part of Negroes that attainment of civil rights must be regarded as a means rather than an end will not solve the problem that confronts the nation. Whites must grasp and apply that lesson as well, but they must do it with their eyes wide open to the fact that Negroes have had their bellies full of paternalism and will have no more of it and that the Negro take-over of the civil-rights movement, no matter what shape it assumes, is permanent and will not be relinquished. However, whites must take the initiative in an offer of alliance and must have more to offer than is presently visible. At the moment, the American scene is singularly devoid of movements calculated to quicken the pulse of the bold and imaginative youngsters who triggered the national upheaval against racial discrimination and pulled the props from under the segregation system. Communism is a deservedly dead letter. Barry Goldwater's invitation for a retreat to the 1920s holds no allure and the cautious pragmatism of the New Frontier smacks too much of an application of gradualism to be attractive. The bogged-down labor movement has lost the verve that set Negroes flocking to its standard in the New Deal era. Who then shall sound the certain trumpet? The answer is that nobody knows. What is certain is that civil-rights victory will release a determined band of restless and eager Negro youth whose energies ought to be channeled constructively.

That constructive purpose can best be served by a broad political movement, in the widest sense of that term, comprehensive of pressing domestic and international issues. Whether such a movement can function within the formalism of our present two-party system is not clear. That will have to be determined on a trial-and-error basis. Negro militants who must be enlisted if such a move-

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ment is to succeed are understandably chary about political action at the moment. Their success has been won outside of politics and they are cynical about political action in light of the manner in which civil rights has been used as a football by both parties. But time itself will drive home the lesson that problems entailed in incorporating Negroes into our tremendously complicated social and economic structure are political in nature and will propel the new militants into political action. There is no other road to reform in a political democracy.

Obviously, the nation can, and should, use the imagination that conceived the sit-ins, the pray-ins, the wade-ins and the Freedom Rides for application to other social purposes. And it needs to conserve and utilize the boldness and courage that led to the confrontations in hostile Southern cities. We can ill afford to waste these talents at a time when we desperately need new and creative approaches to both domestic and international issues. Incorporated and utilized to the fullest in a political movement of broad scope and purpose, they can hasten needed reforms; isolated in a racial pressure bloc, they may only broaden old schisms. That the nation needs to make full and effective use of these new potentials for social progress is not open to debate.

We are back where we began. The nation has been given a second chance to solve the problem that Abraham Lincoln proclaimed with Emancipation a hundred years ago: that of constructing a social order to replace an old one swept away when Negroes burst out of isolation and sought admission to the American body politic. We muffed the first chance and consigned Negroes to a new, and in some ways more galling, isolation, and in the process shackled the nation to the hobbled Negro. That first failure has haunted us ever since. Its consequences have become intolerable. We will achieve only half-success this time if we settle back and accept civil-rights victory as an end in itself. Foresight and planning can transmute that victory into a means for construction of a commonwealth as good as imperfect humans can build.

Truth in Packaging . . . . . Senator Philip A. Hart

Almost every new law passed by Congress reflects—however tardily—some change in American culture, population or economic structure. The Truth in Packaging bill (S387), which I have introduced in the Senate and on which hearings have been concluded only recently, deals with the remarkable changes in the market place that began when pushcarts started to outnumber grocers.

Basically, the bill is designed to permit rational purchases in the supermarket aisle and it is written as an amendment to the Clayton Act—that venerable antitrust law that has now nearly reached its fiftieth birthday.

Unamended, the Clayton Act is like last year's trousers on a growing boy. It still serves to cover and protect certain sensitive parts of the nation's anatomy, but there is a wealth of bare ankle showing beneath the cuffs. The act assumes, for example, that if two competitive products are equal in service and quality, then the only remaining competitive factor is price. It makes no allowances for the new areas of non-price competition that have developed in the market place. And, certainly, packaging is one of them.

This can best be explained by tracing the evolution of the corner grocery into modern supermarkets so remarkably efficient that they can offer the housewife significant savings while simultaneously picking her pocket.

At this point, there invariably bobs into my mind (and usually into my narrative) the grocery store only a block from the house where I grew up. The owner's name—Mr. Edie—I remember quite clearly, though his face has been refracted by time and glimmers only dimly from the depth of thirty-five years. My mother chose Mr. Edie only after several weeks of tentative dealing, during which she carefully took the temperature of his integrity and price policy. That having been established, even I could be trusted to make the store trips.

Besides cash, all that was necessary to the purchase was a brown paper bag and the assurance that Mr. Edie would be there the next day in case an orange was missing or a clay bean turned up in the soup. The relationship, in short, was a very personal one. Mr. Edie provided both sales and service. Most of the packages you took home were ones that Mr. Edie had filled himself out of his bins of sugar, beans and cookies. There was no nonsense about weight or volume, either. Products came in pints, pounds or pecks. There were no fractional ounces, no "giant half-quarts," and you could tell at a glance how prices compared with those in the store down the street.

This, admittedly, is nostalgic, but believe me it is not wistful. The neighborhood grocery has given way to the supermarket for some very sound economic reasons.

First of all, the supermarket principle of fast turnover has grown hand in hand with the practice of pre-packaging. And the factory-built package has permitted mass distribution with resultant lowered costs.

Of course, pre-packaging has a number of disadvantages, too:

1. It deprives the consumer of an opportunity to examine the product.

2. It makes price and product comparisons difficult.

3. It makes it virtually impossible for the retailer to guarantee the product on any personal basis.

4. It tends to conceal price increases by encouraging manufacturers to "cut weight" instead of "hiking price" and invites competitive use of non-standard and sometimes deceptive package shapes.

5. It encourages the "cents-off" deals that are often fictitious.

In fact, the whole operative

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theory of the supermarket is quite different from the one Mr. Edie had. Economists Irston R. Barnes, of Columbia University, put it well in testimony that I have read and reread with fascination:

The supermarket today is largely a display depot where buyers come to select . . . the products they desire.

It is essentially engaged in selling shelf space and makes its money by achieving the largest possible total of rental payments for the space provided for the products which it handles.

Pointing out that the supermarket does little "selling," Barnes said:

Store traffic is built up largely by offering prospective buyers a wide range of products under one roof while holding out the expectation that prices will be competitive, that the store arrangement will facilitate selection and that the checkout desk will . . . compute the bill without lengthy delays.

The supermarket, therefore, is under considerable economic pressure to handle those products that have been "pre-sold" in national advertising and by promotional gimmicks. And the manufacturer, whose package will be the only "salesman" the shopper encounters, is necessarily eager to use that package to create some differential advantage for his product. The result is that, under intense competition, many manufacturers tend to drift toward contrived advantages while disguising any information that might provide the housewife with a reason not to buy.

In the design room, therefore, attractiveness is often emphasized at the expense of fact, while motivational researchers scamper about whispering secrets in everybody's ear.

This tends to make it pretty tough on the housewife, who must cope with the successive confusions of the supermarket aisle while worrying about tonight's dinner, an uncashed paycheck and the two children who just disappeared behind the meat counter.

Hopefully, the Truth in Packaging bill, when enacted, would make the housewife's job much easier. Here are some of the protections it would offer:

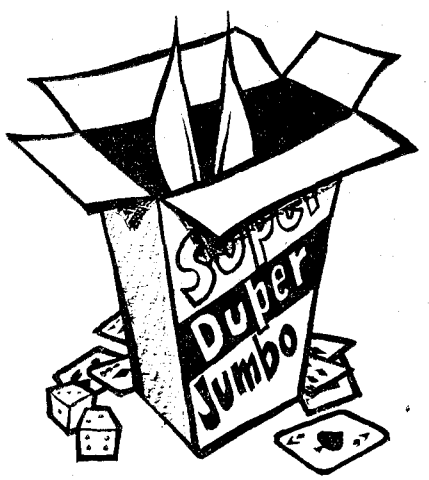
1. Packages would carry no illustration that might deceive the consumer as to content. Cherries, for example, should be as evident in the pie as they are on the package illustration.

2. No more "cents off" deals or "economy-sized" designations. These come-ons imply a control of retail price that the manufacturer doesn't have; and, too often, the consumer realizes no saving.

3. Weights and measures could be set up for individual product lines. Instead of having competing brands of, say, potato chips selling in 13½, 15½ and 17½ ounce packages, wouldn't it be easier for the consumer to figure his best buy if they all came in multiples of one-pound packages, for example? And — in all cases — net weight would be prominently displayed on the front of the package.

4. It would establish serving standards. How much filet of sole, for example, will "serve four"? One pound or four forksful?

5. It would prevent the use of packages that tend to deceive the consumer as to content. This, for example, could bar many cases of



non-functional slack fill — as, for instance, the six-inch cardboard tray for the four-inch candy bar.

These are only some of the more important protections afforded by my proposal. There are others.

Public response to the bill has been gratifyingly approving. No other legislative subject — not even taxes or Cuba — has generated such a steady rush of favorable mail. Predictably, the food industry has responded with considerably less enthusiasm, although a number of manufacturers have told us —both privately and openly — that a set of packaging ground rules would in the long run be good for everyone concerned.

During the hearings, however, industries totaling some $100 billion in sales went on record against the bill in degrees ranging from lukewarm disapproval to volcanic opposition. Industry arguments, primarily, are these: (1) Present law is sufficient to handle the problem and (2) the bill would constitute undue government interference.

Since no one has denied there is a problem, the first objection would seem to answer itself. The second, I suspect, was used with equal vigor when the government decided to monopolize coinage and enact child-labor laws.

Dr. Carroll Quigley, Georgetown professor of history, testified on the moral implications of mislabeling. By that time, testimony had shown that the "large" tube of toothpaste, for example, was often the smallest you could buy; sizes went up from "large" through "giant" and "jumbo." Dr. Quigley said pointedly:

If misleading labels, if changes in word meanings, if reversal in the content of terms, continues in any society, it reduces the ability of that society's members to make basic distinctions between reality and fable. And no society can survive which isn't firmly anchored in reality.

Now, I can't pretend that the Truth in Packaging bill is designed to save civilization, but I do detect an Orwellian thread of truth in the doctor's statement. Anyway I like his spirit.

The bill now goes to the Senate Judiciary Committee. A companion bill has been introduced in the House by Congressman Celler (D., N. Y.), chairman of the House Judiciary Committee.

It is in committee that the bill will probably face its toughest tests. I was interested to read in a trade paper recently that the Truth in Packaging bill was mislabeled. "It should be called the "product standardization" bill or the "anti-packaging-progress" bill," the story reported gloomily.

A little later, I leafed back and rediscovered a half-remembered quote on the original Clayton Anti-trust Act. "If this bill is enacted," an industrialist was saying in an almost audible grumble, "it will spell the ruination of the free enterprise system in our nation. It is misnamed. It should be called the "Anti-Business Act."

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Toward African Unity . . . . William Bross Lloyd, Jr.

Addis Ababa

The African Charter and the resolutions adopted here at the recent Conference of Independent African States promise significant progress toward that long-range goal of African cooperation — and, ultimately, of unity — which was the *raison d'être* of the occasion. Thirty-one heads of state attended; and, as frequently happens in such international conclaves, what emerged was a series of middle-of-the-road accomplishments representing compromises between extreme positions. Only two of Africa's nations (exclusive of South Africa, of course) were missing: Togo, whose invitation to attend was delayed because certain of its neighbors felt strongly about the assassination, early this year, of President Sylvanus Olympio; and Morocco, which refused to sit at any meeting attended by Mauretania, over whose territory Morocco claims sovereignty.

Aside from adoption of the Charter of the Organization of African Unity, the conference's most important step, perhaps, was its unanimous "declaration of war" on white-supremacy governments in territories under Portuguese rule and in the Republic of South Africa. In closed sessions, President Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria was reported to have provided the chief spur to active military aid. He said that there were 10,000 Algerians available for guerrilla fighting in southern Africa, and offered a million francs as a starter for a Liberation Fund. By formal vote, each country was assessed 1 per cent of its budget annually for the fund, to be used to crush colonialism throughout the continent.

Breaking off all diplomatic and consular relations with Portugal and the Republic of South Africa was recommended "so long as they persist in their present attitude towards decolonization." Also recommended was a ban on all Portuguese and South African imports and a refusal to these countries of all port facilities and rights of landing and overflight.

Abbe Fulbert Youlou, President of the Congo (Brazzaville), was one of the few delegates who did not specifically endorse the use of military measures, if necessary, to force decolonization. For the most part, the debate on the issue centered on whether it would be more tactful not to mention such action openly. The significance of the following conference declaration on Southern Rhodesia is therefore evident:

> *The Conference undertakes henceforth to concert the efforts of its members to take such measures as the situation demands against any State according . . . recognition [to any "independent" white-supremacy government in Southern Rhodesia].*

The same resolution called for help to Nationalists of the various liberation movements. It was not, perhaps, entirely coincidental that Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the disintegrating Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, chose the time of the Addis Ababa conference for an interview with President Verwoerd of the Republic of South Africa — an interview widely considered to have military connotations.

The Alabama brand of *apartheid* also came in for censure. A resolution deploring the Birmingham outrages was moderated to include praise for President Kennedy's efforts to enforce the Constitution and the decisions of the Supreme Court.

One of the main forces behind the adoption of a Charter was undoubtedly the drive of President Nkrumah of Ghana for a continent-wide, all-Africa Assembly, a unified monetary system and a joint military command. Although his proposal was not acceptable *in toto*, the mere discussion of it made approval of a more moderate "unity" agreement easier. (One important reason for the rejection of the federation proposal was its implications vis-à-vis the United Nations; were Africa united under one government, presumably it would have but one General Assembly seat. Few African nations are willing to forgo individual UN membership.) Moreover, there was a widespread feeling that a great deal of African public opinion—particularly among the younger men—was with Ghana and that, therefore, Nkrumah could be said to speak for the future. But Prime Minister Balewa of Nigeria and President Nyerere of Tanganyika publicly criticized subversion by one African state in the territory of another, a remark that everyone knew was aimed at Ghana.

At the other extreme of opinion on the Charter were the "regionalists" or "Nationalists." Before the conference opened, Presidents Philbert Tsiranana of Madagascar, Fulbert Youlou of Congo (Brazzaville) and Ahmadou Ahidjo of Cameroon had expressed opposition to any overall African Charter. They preferred to make regional organizations work first, before going on to any all-African association.

The Charter plan as recommended by the Foreign Ministers' Preparatory Conference was a cautious document going a long way toward conciliating the "go-slow" group. But the heads of state "firmed up" its provisions. Scope of the Organization of African Unity was defined to include "the continental African States, Madagascar and all the islands surrounding Africa." A permanent Secretariat was established and meetings of the Assembly of Heads of State and Government were prescribed on a yearly basis, with a Council of Ministers — responsible to the Assembly — to meet at least twice a year. Also created was a Commission of Mediation, Conciliation and Arbitration for the peaceful solution of inter-African disputes.

The Charter is based on the following principles:

> *1. The sovereign equality of all Member States;*
> *2. non-interference in the internal affairs of States;*
> *3. respect for the sovereignty and territorial integrity of each Member;*
> *4. peaceful settlement of disputes by negotiation, mediation, conciliation or arbitration;*
> *5. unreserved condemnation, in all its forms, of political assassination as well as of subversive activities on the part of neighboring States or any other States;*
> *6. absolute dedication to the total emancipation of the African territories which are still dependent;*
> *7. affirmation of a policy of non-alignment with regard to all blocs.*

President Hamani Diori of the

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Niger Republic called for a "common front" of African countries to secure higher and stabilized prices for raw materials, and Youlou of Congo (Brazzaville) urged the establishment of Africa-wide marketing boards for this purpose. There was general approval of the creation of an African Common Market — a project on which the UN Economic Commission for Africa is already doing research — but a divergence of views on how soon the objective can be realized. Urgent steps for the improvement of inter-African transport and communications were called for.

In the face of the refusal by the USSR and France to pay their UN assessments, the Conference reaffirmed its "dedication to the purposes and principles of the United Nations Charter, and its acceptance of all obligations contained in the Charter, including financial obligations." Another resolution exhorted the large powers to agree to disarm, to cease all nuclear tests and to end military occupation in the African continent. The Commission for Technical Aid to Africa was urged to bring its operations under the Organization of African Unity.

Cynics — of whom there were plenty in the press corps — said that the Addis Ababa Charter was just so many words, but among the delegates there was a feeling of real accomplishment. Reconciliation was an oft-repeated drama. Hard feelings over the 1960 split in the federation between Mali and Senegal were buried when Senegal's Senghor crossed the speakers' platform to extend congratulations to Mali's Modibo Keita. Bourguiba of Tunisia and Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria were cordial, and Nasser's handshake with Bourguiba culminated in the traditional Arab greeting of a kiss on both cheeks.

Reconciliation failed, however, in the case of Somalia's drive to bring certain present residents of Kenya and of Ethiopia into a Greater Somalia. Somali officials engaged in a battle of press conferences with the Kenya African National Union; and, in an open conference session, the Somali President presented his country's claim to the Ogaden province of Ethiopia. This incident underlines the dilemma which underlies the various territorial disputes in Africa. On one hand, since present boundaries were imposed by European colonialism, why should they not be changed to accord with the principle of popular self-determination? On the other hand, how can boundaries be changed without starting a chain reaction of demands and counter-demands, leading to an undue emphasis on tribalism and possibly to open conflicts?

The conference took the wise course of postponing full consideration of these disputes until after the Organization of African Unity has had a chance to send down deeper roots.

The conference, as Nyerere of Tanganyika pointed out, was a search for the highest common denominator, and for unity in diversity. The final document was the result of a remarkably mature discussion. On the subject of "African personality" (which in deference to the North Africans has replaced the earlier term of "Negritude"), Balewa of Nigeria declared:

> *I do not believe in African personality, but in human personality. . . . I do not regard any human being — red, white, brown, yellow or green—as superior to me. I regard myself as equal to anybody. I am a human being.*

Although the Charter nowhere specifically calls for the dissolution of existing African regional groupings, such as Monrovia and the African-Malagasy Union (U.A.M.), both Prime Minister Obote of Uganda and Nkrumah, in their speeches following the signing ceremony, maintained that members were now bound to dissolve them. But it is hardly conceivable that the very solidly organized U.A.M. will tamely disband just because the "militants" in African affairs tell them to do so. Tsiranana of Madagascar expressed his determination to retain the U.A.M., and therefore future disagreements are likely.

The strong middle-of-the-road influence of such leaders as Emperor Haile Selassie I, Prime Minister Balewa of Nigeria, Presidents Tubman (Liberia) and Bourguiba (Tunisia) was undoubtedly a factor in saving the conference from having to choose between the United States of Africa concept and the loose, diplomatic-type association favored by Tsiranana of Madagascar, Ahidjo of Cameroon, and Youlou of Congo (Brazzaville).

If true political health lies, as a Swiss writer has said, not in the triumph either of centralization or of States' rights, but rather in a continued dialogue between the two points of view, then one can say that Addis Ababa has laid the foundation for a robust Organization of African Unity.

Has Congress a Future? . . . Walter Dean Burnham

Once again, for the eighty-eighth time since the adoption of the Constitution, a new Congress is in session. In recent years, the time of meeting of a new Congress has usually been marked by an exceptional number of journalistic appraisals of our legislators and their performance. Quite frequently these examinations have been strongly critical, reflecting anxiety about the way Congress is performing its functions. In this respect the last several months have run quite true to form.

Most of the complaints are anything but new. One need only turn to the writings of Mark Twain, Henry Adams, or especially the young Woodrow Wilson, to read criticism of Congressional morals and performance at least as trenchant and relevant as anything written today. The criticisms are all there: the labyrinthine convolutions of the legislative process itself, where what comes out has no predictable relationship to what went in; the ironies and occasional absurdities of the seniority system; the virtually unassailable power positions which committee chairmen

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enjoy; the brokerage and horse trading which the Congressional leaders must employ to get anything positive done; the shabby moral tone which emanates from the Capitol. For almost as long a time — from Wilson to Steven K. Bailey and James M. Burns—a distinguished line of political scientists has added scholarly dimension to the indictment. These scholars have argued persuasively that present Congressional practices and any kind of democratic theory which includes the notion of responsibility of rulers to the governed are incompatible, and that Congress' procedural disorders and substantive irresponsibility constitute a standing—and perhaps increasing—danger to free institutions in this country.

What novelty may exist in the current crop of hostile criticism arises not from its substance, but from its sources. In recent decades, attacks on Congress have come very largely from the Presidentially oriented Left—in the published works of scholars and in journals like *The Nation* and newspapers like *The Washington Post*, whose readers are predominantly supporters of strong Executive leadership and socially liberal causes. But now, in 1963, the breadth of the anti-Congressional front appears to have rather suddenly expanded. Politically neutral journals like *Science* and such spokesmen for the *status quo* as *Business Week* and the *Saturday Evening Post* have entered the fray, as have many provincial dailies.

This development may well be worth examining. For ever since the conservative coalition captured control over Congress in 1938—a control which it has never since lost—the national legislature has been a bulwark for the business community and conservatives generally. Why, then, should influential parts of the conservative and business press now turn against it? More broadly, what factors in the development of Congress might explain a growing disenchantment with it among certain conservative circles? Two major lines of argument may provide some illumination. In the first place, it may well be argued that Congress has been growing increasingly insulated from the rest of the political system until a point has been reached where even certain elite groups have become alarmed about the results. Secondly, it may be argued that latter-day developments in the broader context of American capitalism at home and abroad have resulted in an increasingly marked cleavage within the American business class itself, with the more influential groupings finding Congress less responsive to their perceived needs than might be suspected at first glance.

One of the most obvious facts of American historical development from the Civil War to the depression was the maturation of industrial capitalism within an already established context of political democracy. While this may seem obvious to the point of triteness, its uniqueness can hardly be overstated. Typically the "take-off" phase of industrial development has occurred within political contexts which have been anything but democratic. In Western Europe, this phase unfolded prior to the establishment of universal suffrage or political parties in the modern sense. In the Communist countries, it has been explicitly identified with a self-conscious exploitation of the mass of the population by the industrializing elites who have organized their politics in totalitarian fashion. In both areas, the absence of democracy and political parties (in the contemporary Western sense) has protected the industrializing elites from the threat of effective mass pressures or, at the very least, of violent revolt.

Only in the United States were these elites faced with the real danger that they might be undermined or even overthrown by constitutional and democratic means—that a mass political party, committed to a severe modification or even abolition of industrial capitalism, might organize a majority coalition with fatal results to themselves. For, it may be asked, what people would submit themselves to the brutalities and exploitations of capitalist industrialization if they had the vigorous democratic tradition and political machinery to avoid such a fate? It was this specter which gave the comfortable classes of the Northeast such nightmares when Populism threatened for a short season to unite the colonial areas and depressed classes of the country against them in the epochal election of 1896.

What was to be done? Any effort to create formal political conditions of the type enjoyed by the elites of Western Europe could only take the form of the destruction of parties, the abolition of universal suffrage, or both. As Madison had pointed out a century earlier in *The Federalist* (No. 10), any efforts to curb the causes of "faction" would be a remedy worse than the disease: it could only be done by resort to some form of explicit tyranny. But Madison's recipe for the "mischiefs of faction" — the paralysis of the effects of faction through representative and federal institutions — offered, from the corporate oligarchy's point of view, a much more hopeful prospect. Whether "planned" in any conspiratorial sense or not, the critical political realignments of the period around 1896 accomplished precisely that. It was then, and not before, that the Negro was expelled altogether from the political life of the South, and the white-supremacist roots of Southern one-partyism — so well represented in today's Congress — were laid. It was then, and not before, that an acutely sectional pattern of politics was developed not only in the solid Democratic South, but in the only slightly less-solid Republican North. Thus it was that as late as 1888, states in which the winning party's share of the total vote was less than 60 per cent cast 82 per cent of the electoral votes, while by 1904 such states selected but 29 per cent of the electors. In other words, by about 1904 politics had ceased to be meaningfully competitive between the parties in about three-fourths of the states.

What were the functional consequences of all this? One answer seems rather clear. Extreme sectionalism, creating as it does a large number of practically one-party areas, serves to do what one-partyism itself accomplishes: to facilitate concentration of political and economic power in the same hands by robbing the general election of most of its significance. Additionally, as E. E. Schattschneider has shown, the extreme sectionalism of national political alignments after 1896 was indispensable to outright conservative control of the Presidency most of the time, and of the Supreme Court all of the time, down until the earthquake of 1932.

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The dominant Republican-business alliance, committed as it was to negative government and the widest possible scope for private development and exploitation of the economy, was generally hostile to positive legislation. Hence, if its control over Congress was less than solid, it didn't really matter; the double veto exercised by the President and the Supreme Court were generally quite sufficient for its negative purposes. As for one-partyism in the South, competent observers have been nearly unanimous in their view that on the whole it has worked enormously to the benefit of the local power elites—themselves often enough agents of Northern capital. And so Congress began to assume its modern shape, in a context in which it was neither desired nor expected to play a positive role in policy-making.

Many of the anti-democratic characteristics of the "system of 1896," as Schattschneider calls it, naturally disappeared with the political realignments of the New Deal era. But some of its longer-range effects have remained quite potent to this day, especially so far as the organizational characteristics of the party system and Congress are concerned. The natural, and only shortly delayed, reaction of progressive elements in American life to the drastic curbing of popular leverage on the political process was a revolt against "bossism."

For our purposes, two features of this revolt are especially noteworthy. One was the displacement of the convention system by the uniquely American direct primary between 1900 and 1915. Ostensibly this effort to follow the maxim, "The cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy," restored at least some freedom of choice to the voter in one-party areas. But it has had two very serious consequences which have emerged more clearly with the passage of time: it has tended to cripple the minority party by depriving it of its monopoly of opposition and transferring competing leadership cadres into the dominant party, and it has clearly worked to decompose the organization even of the dominant party itself. The latter effect is visible not only in the bypassing of the local leadership by "independent" candidates whose views and the leadership's may be

"That's going a little too far!"

quite at odds, but in the rise of an irresponsible factionalism whose contours shift with the personalities of contending candidates, thus depriving the voters of any solid frame of political reference.

In short, the primary appears to intensify one-partyism where it already exists and to undermine both central organization and issue-content in politics. On the other hand the primary, under normal circumstances, has apparently not worked to discourage the drive of incumbent Congressmen to entrench themselves in office. It is the preservation of one-partyism which underlies the tremendous advantage which the Congressional Right enjoys in the seniority system and the related power structures in both Houses of Congress; and the primary system shares a large part of the credit for this state of affairs.

The second major feature of the revolt against "bossism" touched the Congressional power structure much more directly, especially in the House. This, of course, was the famous "backbenchers'" revolt of 1910-11 against Speaker Cannon and the extremely centralized power machinery which he and his predecessor, Thomas B. Reed, had constructed. "Cannonism" to this day remains in bad odor among good American democrats—not to mention members of Congress. Yet Cannon himself declared in self-defense that as ruthless as his system might be, it was still party government. He challenged his opponents to replace him and leave the Speaker's powers alone, and his opponents failed to rise to that challenge. The result was predicted by the deposed Speaker: not "more democracy" within the House, but an unprecedented reliance on the seniority system and a Balkanization of power and responsibility among the chairmen of the standing committees.

To be sure, here as elsewhere the long-range consequences were not immediately visible. President Wilson was able to work out a remarkably close quasi-parliamentary relationship with Congress, largely through the machinery of the binding party caucus. But this was a temporary adjustment, made possible only because the South and West were still relatively progressive-minded colonial regions in the context of the politics of that time, because the racial question in the South was considered closed, and because the realignment of the parties along class lines in the industrial states was still in the future. It was in the 1920s that the anarchism of Congressional procedures became fully exposed to public view (though it can hardly be called a matter of grave concern to the Republican administrations then in office). Since that time, the only major new features in the story have been provided by the liquidation of "the system of 1896" outside the South, the sharp class-ethnic realignments of the 1930s, and its logical corollary, the development of the "conservative coalition."

The party and class composition of the coalition is well enough known to require no further comment here. Yet it is worth noting that it could never have become so dominant an obstacle to positive legislative activity were it not for the South's increasing conservatism. There have been many factors which have contributed to this, to be sure—especially the reopening of the local race issue and the cultural antagonism to the ethnic minorities in the Northern Democratic Party. But at least as important, the South has become increasingly industrialized, while its local politics remain more or less solidly fixed in the old one-party mold. It has been frequently suggested that this industrialization alone will be the key to breaking down the Solid

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South. Perhaps this is true on the Presidential level. But industrialization by itself will serve merely to concentrate the political power of the local elite structure in one-party states and to make the politics of the area more and more reactionary in character, unless or until countervailing power can be organized. As the experiences of Pennsylvania and Michigan during the 1930s suggest, such organization of countervailing power is likely to occur only under conditions of more or less extreme social pressure. As the eagerness of Southern representatives to write a state "right to work" provision into the Taft-Hartley Act and their determined resistance to the readmission of the Negro into local political life both reveal, Southern elites are working actively to ward off the growth of countervailing power which could threaten their "way of life." Despite recent Republican gains, it would be a rash prophet who would foresee any imminent danger for Congressional seniority leaders in the appearance of two-party competition in their districts or states.

Ultimately, there is virtually no part of the irresponsibility of Congressional norms, procedures or power structure which cannot be traced to the deeply irresponsible and stunted development of the American party system. It seems almost a certainty that unless or until that party system is fundamentally reorganized and made more competitive at the Congressional level, mere tinkering with the mechanics of Congress is not likely to accomplish much of substantive importance. What this means, among other things, is that the irresponsible pattern of policy which is now in existence cannot be reformed from *within* Congress itself, but only from *without*. There are too many vested interests in seniority, in the filibuster, in the present structure of the committee system, for it to be otherwise. In the meantime, one can only marvel at the extraordinary extent to which Congress has become self-insulated from so much of the mainstream of American political life.

But this state of affairs has been, after all, a linchpin in the structure of business defense against pressures from below. Why should anxiety develop about it now? One reason is that there are, broadly speaking, at least two business worlds: the world of the small or medium-sized, frequently provincial, entrepreneur, and the world of the managers and technipols at the top of the command structure of the American political economy. The social views of the first group are generally those of nineteenth-century capitalism—freedom of enterprise, hostility to positive government, concern with such virtues as thrift, hard work and balanced budgets. The second group pays something more than lip service, perhaps, to this older ethic. But it tends to be bureaucratic where the smaller business tends still to be entrepreneurial; it tends to be technologically and scientifically oriented where smaller businessmen and professionals are often generalist; it tends to accept—even to insist upon—planning so long as it is in charge of the right people, while the others equate planning, not without reason, with collectivism. The actual goals and practices of large-scale corporate enterprise today tend to be anything but ruggedly individualist.

The problem with Congress is not solely its conservatism, but also the *kind* of conservatism it understands and protects most effectively. The truth of the matter seems to be that large-scale corporate enterprise is in some ways as underrepresented in Congress as is the labor movement, and for basically the same reason: the concentration of dispersed Congressional power in the hands of legislators who, through their one-party backwaters, represent the dead world of the nineteenth century. As Andrew Hacker has recently pointed out in a scholarly article, it is not easy to get across to such lawmakers the idea that the differences between the local department store and General Motors are not merely differences of degree, but of kind. Nor is their background and training likely to make it easier for them to imagine that the corporation and the local store might have radically different—possibly even hostile—interests to protect at the bar of government. The fact is that our largest corporate-power complexes necessarily operate in a close, intimate relationship with the federal government—a relationship which is, on the whole, quite alien both to the daily experience and the ideological attitudes of small business.

Leaving aside the perennial business-military linkage which has grown out of the cold war—though its central relevance to the problem cannot be underestimated — the needs of the alliance of top "public" and "private" administrative elites have manifested themselves in proposals for major positive legislation at least twice in the past two years: in the Trade Act of 1962 and in the current proposals for substantial tax cuts. The Trade Act reflected the growing need of the large-scale corporate community for sustained, programed governmental assistance in securing and maintaining access to the largest possible number of overseas markets. In particular, it was felt to be a necessary response to the challenge—and danger—which the European Common Market presents to American trade abroad. The tax cuts have likewise been deemed necessary, both by the Administration and by corporate leaders outside government, to the stimulation of investment and demand. Yet the legislative process is notoriously unpredictable, and the end result might well be Congressional action which cuts taxes enough to increase federal deficits, but too little to provide the needed stimulus. The tension which this possibility produces might itself go far to explain the current mood of anxiety about Congress.

The broader objectives of this emerging Executive-corporate alliance require, seemingly with increasing urgency, something which Congress is not capable of providing: coherence, continuity and predictability in the legislative process. This is so not because of any abstract attachment on the part of the top leadership to academic-liberal theories of responsible democratic government, but because of the overriding necessity under which these huge economic and political concentrations labor to plan their operations rationally and often jointly. So long as the private corporations depended only sporadically, if at all, on governmental participation in their planning activities, they could be insensitive to the implications of Congress' failure to develop fully as a legislature.

(Continued on page 556)

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Exercises in Extremity

CITY OF NIGHT. By John Rechy. Grove Press. 410 pp. $5.95.
THE MESSENGER. By Charles Wright. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 217 pp. $3.95.

Robert Kiely

It is becoming almost universally acknowledged by people who read books seriously that an author should be free to write about whatever he pleases and an adult public to purchase whatever it can afford and stomach. The corresponding freedom, which is subtler and slower to come, is that of the reader and critic to say that he really doesn't care for a Burroughs or a Genet, without being cried down as repressed, prudish and dreadfully out of fashion. Until that Utopian day, we must try to look with solemn objectivity upon the exercises in extremity which some young writers consider it their sacred duty to perform. When the excesses become sufficiently mechanical and repetitious, as they did in Restoration drama, for example, the form will probably wither quickly and give way to something more like literature.

The problem for many contemporary writers seems to be one of finding untried subject matter, rather than seeking originality in their unique authorial relationship to familiar material. Fitzgerald and Hemingway, some might argue, have used up all the really good fictional possibilities of alcohol, and Lawrence and Joyce have done best what there was to be done with the physical details of heterosexual love. There simply isn't anything exciting left but dope and homosexuality.

A heroine seems rather dull and old-fashioned in some quarters unless she turns out to be a male transvestite or at least a lesbian. Nymphomaniacs are old hat. There is a growing genre with a list of conventions as long and inflexible as those of any medieval morality play. A man must never take a walk alone just for the exercise or the fresh air. No one must sit on a park bench because his feet are tired. The hero must have a secret liking for books without showing it; he must be independent and restless; and though he supposedly doesn't notice or care about it himself, he must be told repeatedly by other characters that he is beautiful.

Two current novels in this category are John Rechy's *City of Night* and *The Messenger* by Charles Wright. The heroes of both books possess the conventional virtues (which means they indulge nonchalantly in the conventional vices) and both describe, with loving detachment, their night journey through the world of drug addiction, prostitution and male hustling. Rechy's book is the more ambitious; it is a kind of homosexual Odyssey which stretches from New York to Chicago to Los Angeles to New Orleans during Mardi Gras and ends where it begins, in El Paso, the hero's home town. But El Paso is no Ithaca and this novel no epic, mock or otherwise. Its pretensions only make things worse. Without them it might simply have been boring; with them it descends to the level of those "medical" television serials which play on morbid curiosity in the name of education and human compassion. Those who enjoy watching hairy-armed TV doctors pretend to operate on nonexistent tumors may be entertained by *City of Night.*

Proust and Gide made art out of homosexuality and physical suffering, but perhaps we need to be reminded in 1963 that Fielding also based two great masterpieces of fiction on heterosexuality and robust physical health. The moral is that although either sickness or health *may* provide material for art, neither has any inherently superior claim to artfulness. That may seem obvious, but it was apparently not so to John Rechy when he wrote *City of Night.* He depended too heavily on his subject for support and, as a result, the book collapses again and again for the need of an author. Deviation is not, literarily speaking, self-justifying. No subject matter is.

The novel is without style, without structure and without wit. It contains some vivid thumbnail sketches of masochists, sadists and transvestites, but the main character, the nameless narrator, is at worst a blank and at best a fleshless camera-eye turned on the world of "scores," "queens" and "junkies." Mr. Rechy is apparently trying to communicate the dehumanizing effect of this "scene"

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Lines for a Young Man Who Talked

But I wish you would not hang your head.
It is that image lags inside my mind.
If you had known how much we need
to help our friend (Oh I think in some old
innocence perhaps you did)
you would not hang your head.
It was out of your own gentleness you cried
for aid. And it's not because I'm fond
of you (although I am) as if you were my son instead
of my young student and my young friend
that I do not want you to hang your head.
It is this: the bit you told—
no, not *what* but simply *that* you said—
was like a gift! An ancient gift of horses or of gold.
It was a grace. Oh I suppose you thought you had confessed.
But I am not a priest. To say you had been bad
and young and let you hang your head.
Use me to find in what way you are good.
Christ listen to your own charitable word!
We spoke so that you might understand
and be merciful to yourself. Here, give me your hand
for it is I who must feel ashamed
again, until you do not hang your head.

John Logan

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as symptomatic of the failure of American life. That may be a sound enough aim, but his hero is such a vegetable that one never gets caught up with him and his relationship to the world he depicts.

The speaker keeps reminding us that he was once sensitive, bookish, even religious. But the evidence of these qualities is so contrived and superficial that we cannot take them seriously for a moment. Twinges of spirituality recur in the recollection of a statue of Christ on a mountaintop near his childhood home, but this never becomes more or less than a sentimental memory. One of his rare literary allusions is to "Mrs. Haversham," whereas the most casual reader of *Great Expectations*, even if he misspells the name, ought to remember that the most essential fact about that lady was that she remained a miss. The narrator's sensitivity is evoked whenever he thinks of his indulgent Mexican mother or the dog that died when he was a little boy. In fact, the death of that dog seems to be offered as the symbolic cause of his life of futility and compulsive self-degradation. Whatever psychologists may say of it, as a literary symbol it is absurdly inadequate. At the end of 400 exhausting pages of sex, alcohol and drugs, the narrator concludes with an exclamation and a question: "It isn't fair! *Why can't dogs go to Heaven?*" Little Orphan Annie couldn't have said it better.

The Messenger by Charles Wright is also a first novel with a cast of characters who cannot or will not fit into the structure of respectable society. If it shares a few of the excesses of *City of Night*, it has some virtues which make it a more interesting book. For one thing, it is much shorter. And that is not meant as a backhanded compliment. Charles Wright presents a series of vignettes —some only two or three pages long —that distill the frustrating and anchorless life of a young messenger in New York City. Mr. Wright's brevity demonstrates, at its best, a stylistic control and a consistently implied moral attitude which Mr. Rechy's fondness for journalistic detail obliterates in *City of Night*. But even more important, Mr. Wright's narrator sounds like a human being rather than a committee of recent graduates of the introductory course in abnormal psychology at New York University night school. The messenger talks about himself and his world without affecting the theoretical gibberish of an amateur sociologist. At a dinner party of well-to-do homosexuals he reacts with characteristic candor: "If they're so unreal in real life, how is it possible for their sex lives to have any meaning? And the answer is: perhaps it doesn't."

Mr. Wright's hero is a Negro, and one of the reasons he lives on the fringe of the "normal" world is that he is forced to do so. To many Negroes and whites this may seem insufficient justification for self-abandonment to sex and drugs, but even so it is a more credible and serious explanation than the death of a dog. The narrator's account of his relationship with his pious grandmother, the humiliations suffered at the hands of Southern police and Army superiors, his pathetic attempts to join the middle class, give point and poignancy to his later dissipations. There are repeated flashes of humor and compassion in his narration which convince us that he has remained human in the face of great odds. And that is something worth writing about.

The difference in literary merit between *City of Night* and *The Messenger*, while not vast, is sufficient to remind us not to condemn or praise indiscriminately the books of this sordid convention which will probably be pouring from the presses during the next few years. Whether they are a serious sign of the times or just a natural result of liberalized censorship regulations remains to be seen. I suspect a combination of both. But whatever the cause, they must be taken one by one and judged according to the standards of integrity, originality and craftsmanship against which all works of art are finally tested.

Early in *City of Night* the narrator declares that he is seeking "perhaps some substitute for salvation." He discovers that there isn't any; that heroin isn't much of a substitute for heaven and that men aren't very convincing when they pretend to be women. This could be a serious indictment of America, where synthetics in every realm are so often passed off as the real thing. But an author who believes this should not be too disappointed if some readers are unwilling to accept boldness as a substitute for creativity.

Poetry's Larger Views

ANIARA. By Harry Martinson. Alfred A. Knopf. 133 pp. $4.

THE BEGINNING & THE END. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. 74 pp. $3.95.

GUNSIGHT. By Theodore Weiss. New York University Press. 55 pp. $3.75 cloth; $1.45 paper.

Daniel Hughes

Whether poetry truly has a subject matter, whether some subjects are more poetic than others, whether poets, like novelists, should consciously hunt their materials — all of these are, perhaps, moot points. It is the habit of current criticism to consider a poet's subjects the least important aspect of his work; we seldom ask: just what is this poet taking his time about? But with the gradual narrowing of our best poetry to the private and the domestic, to the divorce court, the asylum, the nostalgic playground, the altogether internal event, it is time to re-examine the subject of subject matter in poetry. Mr. Hayden Carruth has wondered in a recent issue of this magazine ["Poets Without Prophecy," April 27, 1963] whether poetry will ever again aspire to the prophetic, but, certainly, any serious attempt to increase the range of poetry is worth attention. The three books under review break sharply with the family album and the collective couch; they also point up the problems implicit in taking larger views.

To come upon the following is certainly to experience something new:

For several days after Douris' destruction
the Mima showed disturbance from the Phototurb
and the third veben fought as against a cloud
of deepening distant shame.

It's new, but is it poetry? This is a passage from *Aniara*, the "space epic" by the Swedish poet, Harry Martinson, which has been a bestseller in its native land, an opera in England, and now a perplexed and perplexing narrative poem adapted into English by Hugh MacDiarmid and Elspeth Harley Schubert. (The perplexity comes not

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only from the subject matter but also from the poetic techniques which I have not been able to grasp, remaining convinced that there are great chunks of prose in this version of the poem.) The narrative situation itself might seem a commonplace to the addicts of science fiction: a great space ship, *Aniara* (ship of sorrow), with 8,000 people aboard, escapes from the atomic wars of earth only to be diverted off course and be condemned to sure destruction on the planet Lyra. In 103 Songs, we share the meditations of the Mimarobe, the Space Sailor and poet whose consciousness dominates the poem; he is the maker of the allegory and the creator of the shifting moods. The theme is obvious enough: "For space can never be more cruel than man/more than its match is human callousness"; but the poem's interest seems to me other than thematic: it centers in the considerable ingenuity of event, image and conception that Martinson brings to his task, and in the weird pathos his genuinely poetic vision sustains. For, finally, the concern of the poem is not science fiction, a new map of hell in Kingsley Amis' image, but in the depiction of lyric states induced by a technology out of control; we seem in the end to share the fate of, say, Beckett's Lucky turned rational cosmonaut, doomed as ever, but able to fly.

Few modern poets, apart from MacDiarmid himself and perhaps Robert Conquest, have been interested in poetizing science; most have been ignorant and hostile. But it is doubtful that any poet since Shelley has been able to make poetic the science of his time, and even Shelley had to look far beyond what science could validate for his vision. It is not just that quantum mechanics is remote from human experience; it is remote from any conceivable poetic language, and the words that Martinson has made up (as rendered here) seem pudgy, inactive and distracting at the very points where they should carry greatest weight. Still, the end of the poem makes its effect, points to what our poetry might be doing — if our poets could become Space Sailors:

I turn the lantern low, enjoining stillness.
Our tragedy has ended. But with the right
of travellers down the ages, I have told
our tale, a vision in galactic night.

The late Robinson Jeffers was always something of a Space Sailor. In his last book, *The Beginning & the End*, a collection gathered by his sons, he is still musing:

What a pleasure it is to mix one's mind with geological
Time, or with astronomical relax it.
There is nothing like astronomy to pull the stuff out of man.

It might seem that the poetry of Jeffers, which has suffered a severe drop in reputation in the last two decades, would offer a way back to larger concerns for poetry, and perhaps it will, but this last book will not help. There are moments of energy, sudden gatherings of reminiscent powers, but the verse is tired, the poems have become cosmic finger exercises, macrocosmic irritations as petty as the snapshot art we would escape. One does not feel here the autumnal last words of a major poet, but most often a simple petulance and a wearied rehearsal of old themes. Jeffers built a considerable rhetoric over the years, but it did not grow, become capable of fresh insights or new perspectives; and even at its best — in some lyrics, in *Roan Stallion*—it never developed into a major instrument. The pleasures of geologic time need to be re-created in the poem; in this book, at least, they are merely referred to. There is no sense of the desperate Yeatsian cry: "Old Rocky Face, look forth!" which issues from a tragic conflict, and I prefer the inhumanism and nastiness of Lawrence's late collection, *Pansies*, where the venom is specific, the object clear, and where a sudden grandeur can burst from the snarl. Jeffers' big subjects and long lines are valuable now, but it is perhaps Lawrence's similar poetry that can best serve as a model if we would seek new subjects, new passions, new violences.

This is not to say that *The Beginning & the End* is without impact, without its tutelary force. Occasionally, the cosmic view illumines a deeply human gesture:

Cremation

It nearly cancels my fear of death, my dearest said,
When I think of cremation. To rot in the earth
Is a loathsome end, but to roar up in flame—besides, I am used to it,
I have flamed with love or fury so often in my life,
No wonder my body is tired, no wonder it is dying.
We had great joy of my body. Scatter the ashes.

To express deeply human concerns without breaking into confession is to perform valuable work; *Gunsight*, by Theodore Weiss, is such a poem. The emphasis in this narrative, an account of the memories and sensations of a wounded soldier undergoing surgery, is constantly on human responsiveness, recognizing that:

Some things—the crag, the granite sea, the slug,
this mouth that grinds incessantly in you—

for the first time,
the story as seen
from the other side . . .

THE FURTIVE WAR

The United States in Vietnam and Laos

by WILFRED G. BURCHETT

A first-hand report by the veteran Australian war correspondent who traveled widely in the "Viet Cong" guerilla areas of South Vietnam and in Laos, Cambodia, and North Vietnam. He interviewed opposition and neutralist leaders, refugees from Diem's prisons and "strategic villages," Buddhist priests, rebel U. S.-trained officers, the Princes of Laos, President Ho Chi Minh and many others. He tells us what they want, why "our side" is losing, and why neutrality and independence for Laos and Vietnam may still be possible.

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cannot be turned into the human. All that we can do is try, while we are men,
to meet them humanly.

But the human meeting of this poem is not personal, and while it tends toward the general, it does not become an allegorical tract in the manner of Golding's *Pincher Martin*; it is a lyric presentation of the sensory, tightly woven, and moved to a convincing release and a hopeful convalescence. The true direction of the poem is toward abstraction and I think most effective there: the *qualities* of pain, of courage and consciousness. A reader who becomes interested in the half-created character is distracted from the real work of the poem; it is basically lyrical, and the narrative tends to clog — it would have to be much clearer to exist as narrative.

But *Gunsight* moves perhaps in a significant direction. In the exploration of levels of consciousness, in the rendering of precise, impersonal sensation, in the setting out of the interconnections between the mental and the physical which the language of poetry is so well endowed to express, in the creation of the Self, rather than in the nervosities of so many small selves *in extremis*—perhaps in the exploitation of such concerns, poetry's next subject waits.

"...Brash, Bawdy, Delightful..."
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What Remains French in France

IN SEARCH OF FRANCE. By Stanley Hoffmann, Charles P. Kindleberger, Laurence Wylie, Jesse R. Pitts, Jean-Baptiste Duroselle, François Goguel. Harvard University Press. 443 pp. $8.95.

William G. Andrews

"Mon général, *I don't understand this new policy that you want me to implement.*" "*Don't try,* mon cher ministre, *things will move more quickly.*"

"*A Frenchman regards a special privilege as his badge of equality.*"

"*How can one govern a country that has 264 varieties of cheese?*"

"*The future lies before us.*"

"*France shall remain France.*"

Such pithy rejoinders and profound tautologies are popularly believed to drip from General de Gaulle's lips at the least provocation. A collection of *Les Mots du Général* is on current bestseller lists, and a political weekly ran its own gleanings as a regular feature for several months. My own favorite comes from a speech I heard the General deliver in Chaumont during his April tour. He summed up his praise of the French humanist vocation with, "We would not be the people we are if we were otherwise."

This ringing banality would serve well as the motto of *In Search of France,* the product of two years of collaborative study, seminars, conferences, and writing on both sides of the Atlantic by four American and two French scholars. It isn't that the authors present banalities. On the contrary, the book stands in a class of its own for the depth and penetration it brings to the description and analysis of contemporary French society and politics. Its merits go beyond this, however. Perhaps the outstanding achievement of the authors has been their ability to weave the contemporary scene into the fabric of French history, and it is this quality that inspires my suggestion regarding the book's motto. Each essay points up the same lesson: No matter how striking, even startling, a specific recent development, it seems in retrospect "the most French" of available solutions; it lies within the framework of basic French traditions.

Again and again it is argued that the essential character of French society remains virtually untouched. It has responded with inherent and seemingly ineluctable logic to dramatic, revolutionary situations. France has changed, sometimes radically, yet lost none of its Frenchness.

Sociologists Laurence Wylie and Jesse R. Pitts make this point most forcefully in separate essays on rural France and the bourgeoisie. Perhaps the countryside has been most affected. Farming has become mechanized and farm homes modernized. New products are driving out the old products and the traditional artisan occupations. The biggest changes are psychological. "Malthusianism" is out of favor in field and factory. There is a new confidence in the future which has, in turn, altered concepts of family and marriage, of employer-worker relations and of education. There is much greater social integration—among classes, between country and city folk and among different geographic regions.

Economist Charles P. Kindleberger also notes these psychological changes, and uses them to explain the "present economic vitality" of France. "Workers have become less revolutionary, more practical." There is "more ambition for education and opportunities, and less for holding on to place, position, and acquired rights."

Wylie and Pitts believe, nevertheless, that the basic values of French society remain unchanged. Even Kindleberger, though he does not draw the paradox so sharply, says that the "present demand for economic growth . . . is different only in the extent to which various groups in society share in it."

Wylie finds that in France "the three basic assumptions about human existence are that men must accept two levels of reality; that people can be expected to be hostile; and that the present is not so good as the past and the future will not improve unless we plan it carefully." He argues that all the sweeping changes have not shaken this foundation.

Pitts also delineates a "value system" in the French bourgeoisie. One main aspect is "doctrinaire-hierarchical . . . a commitment to a nexus of authoritative ideas which incarnate the highest spirituality." Another is "aesthetic-individualistic" and teaches that the "proper goal of man is to reveal this divine quality" of nature

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and society "through understanding and aesthetic appreciation." He, too, finds that these "dominant strands" remain and, indeed, that the great changes have occurred because of the conflict between them.

To Prof. Jean-Baptiste Duroselle of the Foundation Nationale des Sciences Politiques in Paris, falls the difficult task of explaining the development of French foreign policy since World War II. He argues that traditionally the French relegated foreign policy matters to a secondary place in their hierarchy of political priorities. The twin catastrophes from outside—World War II and decolonization—"helped to give the French a new emotional patriotism," which serves as a popular base for de Gaulle's nationalist appeal. The continuity of French foreign-policy attitudes is represented by that base. The change in this case is the replacement of what Duroselle calls "neo-realism" and "Europeanism" by Gaullist concepts of *grandeur* which signify, above all, that "the French will not accept further humiliation."

The longest and in some ways most important essay of the collection is Prof. Stanley Hoffmann's discussion of the "Paradoxes of the French Political Community." Its importance lies partly in the fact that all six collaborators agree that the political sphere is the one in which French adjustment to the contemporary world has been least successful. Kindleberger, Wylie, Pitts and Duroselle all find that the recent changes in the areas they treat conform both to basic French traditions and to the requirements of modern civilization. Hoffmann contends—and his co-authors pick up the refrain—that a political and constitutional solution is not yet in view.

Hoffmann attributes the constitutional stability of the Third Republic to the achievement of a "Republican synthesis" in a "stalemate society." Each major political force renounced its objective in return for similar sacrifices by its rivals. Government was tolerable because it was timid.

This synthesis was destroyed by a series of shocks—the depression, the defeat, Vichy, the Liberation purges, decolonization, the decline of French international power. Neither the Fourth nor the Fifth Republic has been able to re-establish that synthesis in a form compatible with the requirements of the atomic age.

A concluding essay by M. François Goguel, secretary-general of the French Senate and eminent political scientist, beautifully wraps up the package with an appreciative but frank critique of his collaborators that adds some of the meatiest and most penetrating observations in the book.

The reader who can overlook the tendencies of some of the authors to succumb to the temptations of paradox-hunting and construction of rather grandiose generalizations will find *In Search of France* a source of much enlightenment on what has remained and what has changed in the new France.

LETTER from ENGLAND

Julius Novick

A placid, provincial old walled town in southern England will begin, this summer, its second year as one of the least likely of the world's theatrical capitals. Chichester, population some 20,000, is located sixty-three miles southwest of London (an hour and three-quarters by train). No great theatrical figure was born there; it had no history as a theatrical center until July 3, 1962, when the Chichester Festival Theatre began its first season under the direction of Sir Laurence Olivier. Later that summer, Olivier was appointed the director of the new National Theatre to be built in London, but he has promised to remain with Chichester for two more seasons. He directed all three of the first season's productions, and appeared in two of them, at the head of a company including three knights, a dame and at least five other actors of international fame.

The 1963 Chichester season opens this month with Joan Plowright in a production of St. Joan, *directed by John Dexter. This will be followed by a revival of last summer's* Uncle Vanya *and by a new play, John Arden's* The Workhouse Donkey, *with Stuart Burge directing.*

Chichester is being watched for portents of the policy Olivier will follow as director of the National Theatre which, it is hoped by nearly everyone in the English theatrical world, will one day parallel the Comédie Française, and become the touchstone for the English-speaking theatre. If Olivier seizes his opportunities with the right combination of discretion and boldness, he could conceivably become one of the most important forces in shaping the theatre of the twentieth century.

Julius Novick has recently returned from a year in England as a Fulbright scholar. He has written for Harper's, Saturday Review *and other publications, and has directed and acted in the United States, England and Italy.*

At Chichester he began not discreetly but notably boldly. Evidently realizing that the assortment of celebrities in his company would assure him an audience no matter what vehicles he chose for them, he opened his theatre with a play nobody nowadays has ever heard of: a comedy called *The Chances*, written by John Fletcher (probably with some help from his partner Beaumont) around

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1625, and largely rewritten later in the century by the "wicked" Duke of Buckingham. *The Chances* was followed a few days later by John Ford's tragedy *The Broken Heart*, also of the early seventeenth century, and also a rarity in the theatre. (It is disquieting to wonder whether any manager in America would have the courage to put on either play, much less to open a new theatre with the two of them.) The third play, also a daring choice, but for different reasons, was Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*.

Olivier explained that he had selected his scripts "to demonstrate the versatility of the stage" — for his stage at Chichester is a huge one, jutting out into the audience from one wall of the hexagonal building. The 1,360-seat Chichester Festival Theatre (patterned after the one at Stratford, Ontario) is the first permanent arena theatre in England.

Olivier's directing showed a determination to rise to the challenge of his new theatre. In America, directors who work on this sort of stage often use only a part of it at a time, so that one scene will be played under the stage-balcony, the next on it, and the next across the full stage. But at Chichester nearly every scene of every play was acted all over the stage. Olivier seems to believe that arena staging demands almost constant movement, so that each member of the audience has something happening at frequent intervals on his side of the stage. Being a brilliant directorial technician, Olivier was able to achieve this without ever allowing an actor to look as if he were moving merely because he had been told to. The resultant fluidity may come to be known as the basis of a "Chichester style." In each of the first season's productions, a different kind of movement was used to achieve a different effect.

The plot of *The Chances* (for a first instance) is a gaily sprawling congeries of bawdy confusions, which Olivier resolutely refused to take seriously. He used an almost bare stage, with a balcony and some flights of steps, and had his actors (Rosemary Harris, John Neville, Joan Plowright, Keith Michell) swirling, bouncing and dancing up, down and across it as fast as they could go. Everything was flamboyant, light-footed, extroverted and zesty, but easy and without strain: the continual movement seemed to derive inevitably from the exigencies of the plot and the high spirits of the characters.

By the lavish exercise of talent, charm and ingenuity, *The Chances* was made to yield a reasonable evening's worth of pleasure, although it is a clumsy script. *The Broken Heart* fared less well. Beloved of professors of English, it nevertheless lacks the sick intensity, the irony, ambiguity, subtlety, variation in tone, that make some of its contemporaries (Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, Middleton's *Changeling*, Ford's own *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*) still stageworthy. Its plot is Love and Vengeance, arrayed in monotonous conflict and couched in strident rhetoric.

In the better Stuart plays the characters, when not recognizably human, at least include among them some splendid monsters; in *The Broken Heart* there are only mouthing puppets, who were acted at Chichester, for the most part, with excusable woodenness. Joan Greenwood exhibited her personal characteristics in an intriguing fashion as the princess of Sparta; Olivier, as a jealous old nobleman, served up another portion of his Noblest Roman characterization, flavored with bits of Richard

Current Titles of Interest to 'Nation' Readers

THE GOLDEN FLEECE. Joseph Seldin. Macmillan. $5.95.

The author, who runs his own advertising agency and who has written in the field for *The Nation*, reviews the evolution of commercial blandishment in this country (with particular attention to the more flamboyant modern practices), and proposes means for reducing a sales pressure which now has dubious side effects on our society.

NO LAMB FOR SLAUGHTER. Edward Lamb. Harcourt. $5.75.

The autobiography of a lawyer and financier who, in the 1930s, was a champion of the then emerging C.I.O. and who, in the 1950s, won a notable victory over a McCarthy-dominated F.C.C. that was intent on depriving him of his broadcast licenses on trumped-up charges of Communist affiliation.

MARK TWAIN: Social Philosopher. Louis J. Budd. Indiana University Press. $6.50.

The author, working with Twain's newspaper writings and private letters as well as with the standard works, constructs the image of a man who, though a liberal by nineteenth-century standards and one most vocally concerned for social justice, subscribed to many positions now abandoned by all but the extreme Right.

A PRIMER ON GOVERNMENT SPENDING. Robert L. Heilbroner and Peter L. Bernstein. Random. $3.50.

A concise analysis of the economic theory that underlies government spending, deficit financing, tax rates and other factors underlying national fiscal policy. Mr. Heilbroner is the author of *The Future As History, The Worldly Philosophers*, etc.; Peter Bernstein, an investment counselor, is the author of *The Price of Prosperity*, and is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

OVERKILL AND MEGALOVE. Norman Corwin. World. $3.50.

The book from which a two-page excerpt was published in *The Nation*. Mr. Corwin's verses, many inspired by news stories, many adapted from famous models ("In Xanadu did Herman Kahn"), but all concerned with the atomic instability of our age, bear such titles as "View from the Ark," "Ready? Ready!" "Midsummer's Night Unplumbed Dream." The book concludes with a play, "Could Be," which is a dream of real world cooperation — and, at this writing, a fantasy.

A LONELY MINORITY. Edward Wakin. Morrow. $4.50.

The Copts of Egypt, four million Christians in a Moslem world, represent a growing minority problem in an already tense area. The author, a teacher, journalist and consultant to the U.S. Office of International Affairs, recalls the history and discusses from first-hand observation the present status and future prospects of this almost unknown group.

THE WAR GAME. Irving Louis Horowitz. Ballantine. 75c paper.

This book debates the civilian militarists in their own terms. It is an empirical rebuttal to the position that international aggression is a game and the peoples of the world its pawns. Part of this material appeared first in *The Nation*.

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III. Very little in Olivier's part could measure up to the grandeur he gave to it; yet, impressive as it was, I wonder whether he would have let another actor display such second-hand goods, or whether another director would have allowed him to do so.

The production's chief interest was as an occasion for the exercise of Olivier's imagination, and as another chance to see the Chichester stage in action. Not only the stage, but also the play, imposed a necessity for constant movement, without which *The Broken Heart* would have died on its feet. Once again, Olivier was able to make a virtue of this necessity, using galvanizing, vigorous motion to suggest that the characters were too full of passion and fury to keep still for an insult.

In *Uncle Vanya,* Olivier used yet another kind of movement. It seemed as if the characters were kept in motion by their own nervousness and frustration: a thoroughly Chekhovian effect. *Vanya* was the festival's popular success, partly because of its super-illustrious cast, partly because it was the only festival play that the audience had ever heard of. Even the Queen came to see it.

There was plenty to see, with Sir Laurence Olivier (Astrov), Sir Michael Redgrave (Vanya), Joan Plowright (Sonya) and Joan Greenwood (Ilyena) radiating "star-quality" all over the place, and Dame Sybil Thorndike (the Nurse), Sir Lewis Casson (Telyegin) and Fay Compton (Maman) taking smaller parts.

All of the stars seemed to be trying conscientiously to serve the play and not merely to exhibit themselves. Some pains had evidently been taken with the ensemble: the comic timing was superb. And yet something vital was missing. Many moments of great potential pathos went for nothing, many two-edged lines were shorn of half their poignance. In a word, the script was insufficiently studied and, probably, insufficiently rehearsed. *Uncle Vanya* provided clear evidence that Olivier, in directing three plays and appearing in two of them, had tried to do too much.

Vanya, quite predictably, was the test case for the versatility of the arena stage.

Ibsen and Chekhov [Olivier wrote] *seem particularly to wish to stick behind the proscenium. I believe that the presentation of* Uncle Vanya *may free its author from this limitation and that thereafter the sluice gates, as it were, will be open to all.*

Unfortunately, the Chichester *Vanya* indicated that Chekhov is indeed happier behind a proscenium. Vanya's cry that he is being buried in these four walls lost much of its point when uttered in the midst of vast spaces. His attempt to shoot Serebriakoff should derive its impact from its strangeness, from the fact that cultured people in comfortable, carpeted, respectable drawing rooms don't do things like that. Take away the carpets, take away the comfort, take away the drawing room, and the scene suffers accordingly. Ibsen and Chekhov and their successors wrote plays for the most part about the relationship of men and women to one another within a finite, small, closed-in environment, surrounded by walls instead of space; a vast arena stage like Chichester's is surrounded by space instead of walls.

Speaking more generally, the design of the Chichester theatre raises various doubts. For one thing, you hear less well (or did, last August) than in an ordinary theatre of the same size. Moreover, you do not have a continuous view of the actors' faces no matter where you sit; this is the ineradicable difficulty with arena staging of any kind. Chichester publicity proudly proclaims that no seat is more than sixty-six feet from the stage, which may seem on paper a considerable compensation. But sixty-six feet from the stage turns out to be quite a long way when you're sitting there.

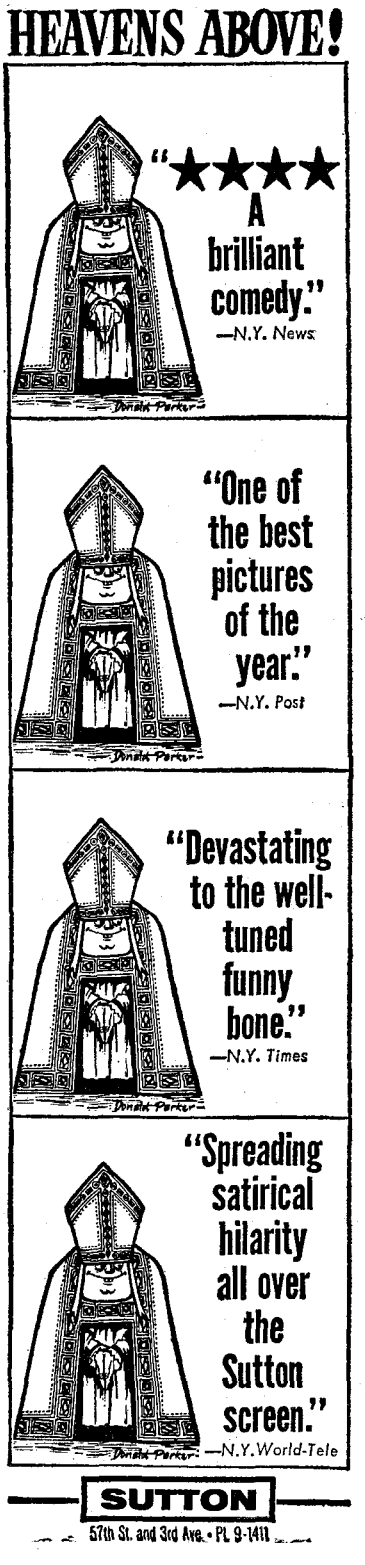
Perhaps a different *kind* of three-sided arena would come closer to the ideal. The old Roman and Greek amphitheatres, even though outdoors, are remarkable for their acoustics, and somehow Edwige Feuillère seems much closer from the thirteenth row of the Théâtre Antique at Arles than Olivier does from an analogous seat at Chichester. Perhaps the answer is a very steeply raked amphitheatre (whether roofed or open), with each row close behind the previous one, but high above it.

Meanwhile, the Chichester stage, though not ideal, is still reasonably practical, and in other respects the new venture has made an encouraging beginning. Olivier has eschewed gimmicks and stars-for-stars'-sake, and has displayed a brilliant knack for staging. Chichester—and England's National Theatre, which it foreshadows—is likely to become known for unpredictability without irresponsibility: a good formula for any theatre.

About Money

The wonder of cherries
has gone into the wonder of money.
My mind is green with anxiety
about money.

David Ignatow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(Continued from page 548)

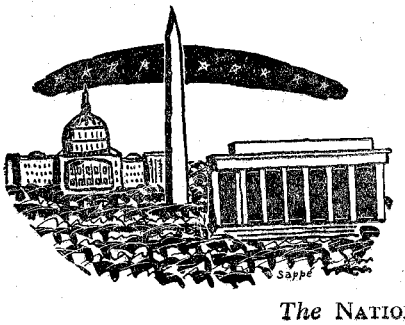
They can no longer afford this luxury.

One thinks at once, in this connection, of the Trade Act of 1962. This measure—like so many decisions which have recently been launched from the top—was a genuinely bipartisan affair in its origins and passage. It originated in 1959-60 under the sponsorship of Herter and Dillon of Eisenhower's State Department and corporate groups outside the government, and was finally pushed through Congress by the Kennedy Administration. Indeed, Administration pressure on Congress was so intense and concentrated as almost to amount to a kind of "overkill," with the President prepared to let everything else slide during 1962—especially on the domestic level. There was also a certain style in this pressure—a style we have come to see more and more often in recent years: the sense of extreme urgency, the insistence that our whole cold-war posture depended on the measure, the veiled threats that a foot-dragging Congress would be held fully to blame if national security were jeopardized by its failure to enact it.

Eventually, the bill passed in the form of another sweeping Congressional delegation of power to the President to adjust tariffs for five years. Throughout the period leading up to final Congressional action, tension and anxiety seem to have been intense. Would the bill escape without emasculation? Would Congress tack on rider after rider for the benefit of local protectionist interests which might be hurt? Would the bill pass at all? No doubt, sighs of relief followed passage. But it would hardly be surprising if not only the power-oriented men in the Administration, but many corporate leaders, were to feel in the aftermath that Congress was intolerably unpredictable—a cardinal sin in the eyes of those who have to plan their activities far in advance.

What, then, is the outlook for Congress? Two possible courses of development seem to be open. The first appears as probable as it is ominous. The present deadlocked antagonism between the nineteenth century and the twentieth will continue to flourish, and all the perilpoints and roadblocks in Congress continue to do their stultifying work unchecked. In such a case, as the Executive-corporate-military liaison becomes more and more developed, the temptation to use that enormous concentration of power to strong-arm Congress when necessary and ignore it when possible will grow and be increasingly indulged. The end of this process—whether a total breakdown in key legislative-Executive relationships followed by increasing use of violence to achieve policy results, or a gradual drift of Congress into impotent oblivion—is not pleasant to contemplate. But it is an end toward which party irresponsibility, the system distortions imposed by the endless cold war, and the increasingly unhealthy international environment for American corporate enterprise seem to be combining to lead us.

The second alternative is to find some way of securing party competitiveness and discipline throughout the country by realigning and reorganizing the party system itself. From the point of view of the elite, however, any serious realignment of the parties runs the considerable risk of jeopardizing its present power position and of opening political questions which it might prefer remained closed. A fully twentieth-century politics would of necessity be far more "leftist" domestically than is any part of our present political regime. And in any event, Kennedy has made it clear that he is an institutional conservative who prefers to work with the *status quo* rather than to make the attempt to win the game by changing the unwritten rules of political conflict. Moreover, a less promising environment for realignment than the constrictions of the cold war can hardly be imagined. Yet when all is said and done, realignment offers the only likely means through which Congress can hope to resume a central place in the policy process and become again an effective force at the top levels of American politics.



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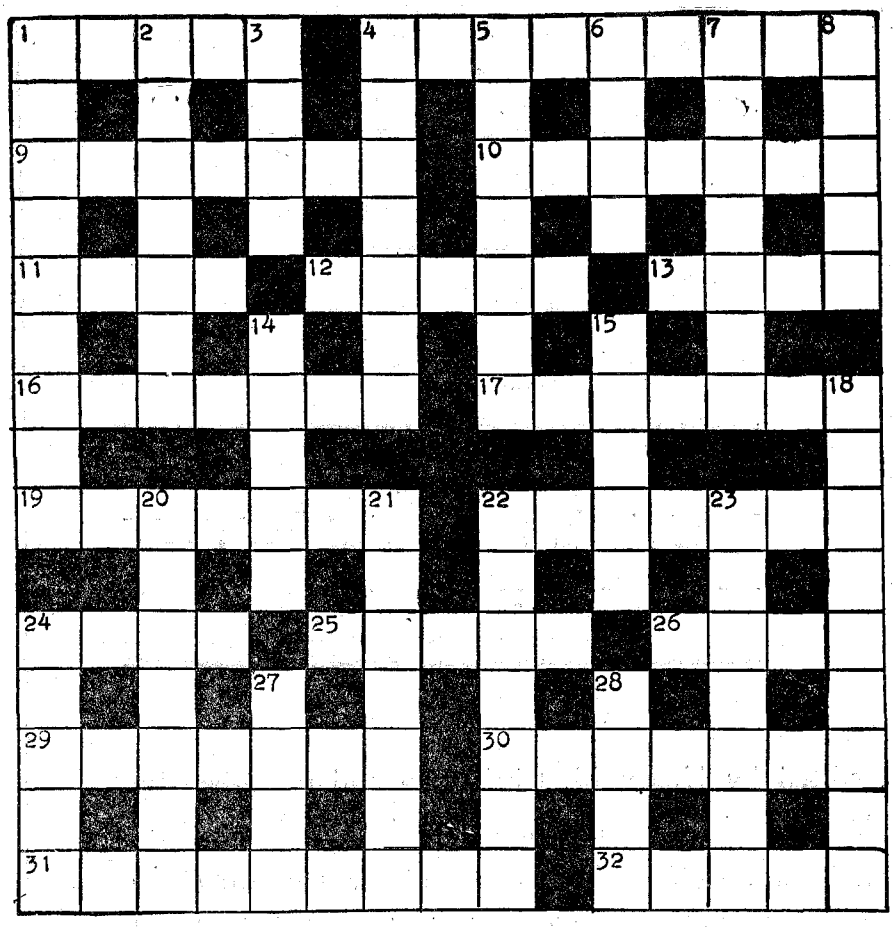
Crossword Puzzle No. 1016

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 4 Where to find the source of first scriptural writing? (2, 3, 9)
9 It should be strong dialect, or a variation of it. (7)
10 Sum up with a position about the opposite of 4 across. (7)
11 and 13 Recipe for bourbon? (One might love to write it!) (4, 4)
12 and 15 Would one find a sort of 27 there? One shouldn't be so innocent. (2, 3, 5)
16 The mis-uses of a monster killer?
17 Process seemingly associated with Burke? (7)
19 Implying an unknown article to spare in the matter of coloring. (7)
22 They might be essential 2 down, and some church people still speak in them. (7)
24 If the Duke took heart, one might think it rather fishy. (4)
25 and 28 down Nine in Minnesota joined the sailors, by Gemini! (4,5)
26 Observe this 13! Get the answer?
29 Less colorful state shortly to be found in Sicily. (7)
30 But such references are not kept under surveillance. (7)
31 Is one cautious, but tender? (9)
32 If you're fair, you shouldn't be one! (5)

DOWN:

1 A revolutionary Mexican, to consider the cause of some people's annual complaint. (6, 3)
2 One of the purposes of 22 across might be given as direction for the season. (2, 5)
3 The purposes for which one is found in 10 and 18. (4)
4 Has the right social qualifications, evidently. (7)
5 It might be descriptive of a painting of a knotted rag and a broken chip. (7)
6 Bare feature of Indiana, if shifted.
7 Firey? (7)
8 Khayyam said it could confute the Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects with Logic absolute. (5)
14 Proving a place in India is less quiet than a place in Greece. (5)
18 How we might say British bags are braced. (9)
20 The hypothesis of French location?
21 A little old subject of play. (3, 4)
22 Anger at what Hitchcock might have cast? (7)
23 Helped out by an international organization, or just going it alone?
24 Such a cap is sometimes set firmly. (5)
27 Fox type, pony type, or dog type?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1015

ACROSS: 1 Peter and the Wolf; 9 Repaper; 10 Emmy Lou; 11 Hooper; 12 Portaged; 14 Nullifying; 15 Aden; 17 Gobi; 19 Second half; 23 Anoint; 25 Satinet; 26 Adamite; 27 Standard-bearers. DOWN: 1 Parthenogenesis; 2 Topsoil; 3 Replevin; 4 Norm; 5 and 22 The point of no return; 6 Emmets; 7 Obliged; 8 Founding fathers; 13 Typewriter; 16 Edentata; 18 Biretta; 20 Asinine; 21 Stoned; 24 Jamb.

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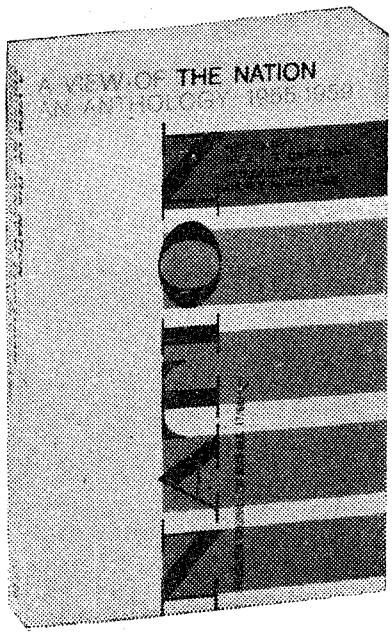

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